The Diverting Poſt.

From *Saturday June* 9. to *Saturday June* 16. 1705.

An Epilogue for the *Theatre Royal.*

MAY we not well complain for want of Pence,
Since Actors *now exceed our Audience?*
And you ſo Faſhionably nice are grown,
Nothing but what is Foreign, *will go down:*
You hardly will accept of Song *and* Dance,
But what's produc'd from Italy *or* France,
Nay, we from Ireland *have Actors brought*
And give 'em Conſtant pay,—tho' good for nought.
Why may not we (Combin'd) reſume each Grant,
Which we all know to be Exorbitant?
Yes, this perhaps might do; had we one Heart,
But we a Houſe divided are; One Part,
R—h-*Ridden are;—there's ſmall pretentions,*
The other Part wou'd do't,---but they have Penſions;
So that in vain, each way we ſeek Redreſs,
In vain we ſtrive t' avoid being Penny-leſs.
Thin Pit, *and* Cheating Turnkeys, *for five-days*
Secure us little Pay; and Saturdays,
Italian Singing Tacking *to our Scenes,*
L' Epine, *and* Tofts *ſneak off with all our Gains.*

In Imitation of *Horace.* Ode 9*th* Lib. 3.

Strephon. *WHilſt* Cælia's *kindneſs Crown'd her Swain,*
And No Lov'd Youth gave Strephon *Pain;*
Bleſt with ſo rich and mild a Fate,
I wiſht no Eaſtern Monarch's *State.*
Cælia. *Whilſt* Strephon *lov'd his* Cælia *beſt,*
Nor Foſter'd Cloe *in his Breaſt;*
Sung by my Strephon's *well tun'd Lays*
I ſcorn'd the Roman Illia's *Praiſe.*
Streph. *Now charming* Cloe *rules my Heart,*
Her Voice and Lute, new Fires impart;
For the dear Maid I Life would give
If by my Death ſhe might ſurvive.
Cælia. *Your* Cælia *now for* Daphnis *burns,*
And the kind Youth my Love returns.
For him a Thouſand Deaths I'd bare,
Wou'd the kind Fates my Daphnis *ſpare.*
Streph. *Should* Strephon *once again be kind,*
And call his former Vows to mind;
Say ſhou'd my former Fires return,
Wou'd Cælia *then for* Daphnis *burn?*
Cælia. *Ah* Strephon *Ah! Too ſoon you'd find*
Your Cælia *cannot be unkind,*
Though he more firm than Fates appear,
Than new born Beams of Light more Fair,
You as light Winds, and rough as Seas,
Or Life, *or* Death, *with you would Pleaſe.*

In *A. D. S. P.* By a Lady.

WHen youthful Phaeton *high ſwell'd with Pride,*
Wou'd needs the Sun's ſwift Flaming Chariot guide;
He miſs'd his Way, and ſet the World on Fire,
And fell a Sacrifice to Jove's *fierce Ire.*
Would you ſweet Noble Youth avoid his Fate,
Then don't aſcend the Chariot of the State;
But if you muſt, remember Sol's *Command,*
Forbear the Spur, keep a ſtrong Bridle Hand:
Leſt it become a Proverb in our Iſle
Thus fell the brave Unfortunate——

A SONG.

STrephon *retiring to the Shade,*
To heal his Love-ſick Mind;
By chance light on a Beauteous Maid:
Young, Generous, and Kind.

With freeſt Talk, and eaſieſt Play,
She entertain'd the Swain,
His Grief before her Melts away,
Her words diſſolves his Pain!

He Look'd, and Sigh'd, and Bleſs'd the Fair,
But hop'd not to receive;
She Smil'd, and Talk'd, and Prais'd his Air,
But was too Coy to give.

At length the Youth in Accents Mild,
Faintly deſir'd the Bliſs,
She trembling on the Shepherd ſmil'd,
And frankly anſwer'd, Yes.

The Power of *Muſick.*

MUſick *has Learnt the diſcord of the State,*
And Conſorts jar with Whig, *and* Tory,
Here S———t *and* D——re, *attend (Hate;*
To Britiſh Tofts, *and ev'ry Note commend;*
To Native merit juſt, they're pleas'd to ſee,
We've Roman *Arts, from* Roman *Bondage free.*
There fam'd L' Epine *does equal Skill employ,*
While liſt'ning Peers Crowd with Extatick Joys.
B———d *to hear her Song his* Dice *forſakes,*
And N——m's *tranſported when ſhe Shakes;*
Lull'd Stateſmen melt away their drowſy Cares
Of England's *ſafety in* Italian *Aires.*

A

A young *Lady*'s Resolution.

He that expects to find me yielding,
Must be as Beautiful as Fielding.
In Wit, and Parts he must out go
Lelly, Pettis, *and* De Foe:
Valiant as Prince Eugene, *or him*
That won the Battle at Blenheim;
Then to Compleat all, Rich, as Crœsus,
If with intire Success he wou'd Caress us.

A SONG.

Till Death I Sylvia *must adore,*
No time my Freedom can restore,
For tho' her Rigour makes me Smart,
Yet when I strive to free my Heart,
Strait all my Senses *take her part.*
And when against the Cruel Maid
I call my Reason *to my aid,*
By that, Alass! I plainly see
That nothing lovely is but SHE:
And Reason *Captivates me more*
Than all my Senses *did before.*

To Dr. Colshwait. on his not taking the Oaths.

Since at the Tavern I can't meet you,
With Paper Embassy I greet you,
I advise you not your self t' expose,
By a refusal of the Oaths;
In spight of Fellowship *and* Pupils,
To weigh your Conscience *out in* Scruples.
If, as You Q....s-men *must believe,*
Two Negs. *make one* Affirmative,
Why in the name o' th' Prædicaments,
And all your Analytick Sense,
Will you deny poor Affirmations
In their turns too to make Negations?
This Postulatum, *any Pate*
Will grant, that's not prejudicate:
Nay, th' Argument I can assure ye
Appears to some a fortiori
Hoc dato & consesso, *thus I*
In Baralipton *blunderbuss ye;*
He who to two Kings *takes an* Oath,
Is by the last absolv'd from both;
For each Oath *being an* Affirmation,
Both, as 'twas own'd, make a Negation:
Thus Scientifically *you see*
The more you're bound, the more your free;
As Juglers, *when they knit one more,*
Undo the knot they ty'd before.
I 'dmire that your Smiglecian *under-*
Standing shou'd make so great a blunder,
As roundly to averr Subjectio
Wer'n t Cousin-german to Protectio;
Nay more, they're Relatives, *unless I*
Mistake Tom. Hobbs's Secundum esse.
I've hopes tho', you have slily taken
The Oaths *elsewhere, to save your Bacon:*
So Spark by Country-Clap half undone,
Takes Coach and steals a Cure at *London.*

On *Corinna*'s Looking-Glass. By a Gentleman of *Oxford.*

I.

Be Proud, bless'd Glass, and justly too,
You give Corinna *Pleasure;*
Oh! Could I please the Fair One so,
I'd think't a mighty Treasure.

II.

To you the lovely Maid does owe,
Her Conquests thus t' extend:
You the best way to win us show,
With Art you Nature mend.

III.

By you she learns her Ogling Graces;
'Tis you give her new Airs;
You draw us to her wish'd Embraces,
And ever fix us there.

IV.

To Curse you I can scarce forbear,
Who giv'st me so much Pain:
For when I've almost won the Fair,
You make her Scorn again.

V.

But think, Corinna, *this same Glass,*
Which now gives so much Pride;
Will tell how quickly Beauties pass,
And show what None abide.

Advertisements.

ALL *Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who have any* ORIGINAL *Copies of Verses,* Heroical, Humorous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Receipts, Songs, &c. *proper to insert in this Paper, they are desired to send them to* H. Playford, *at the* Temple Exchange, Fleetstreet, *or* B. Bragg, *in* Avemary-Lane: *And likewise to order it so, that they may come to their Hands by* Wednesday *Night at farthest, or they cannot be inserted in that Weeks Post.*

*** The Undertakers of this Paper having been several times Impos'd on by some, who have sent Old Copies of Verses, instead of New; this is to desire those, that they may send none that has been Printed before.

††† Every *Tuesday* and *Saturday* is Publish'd *Mercurius Politicus.* Written by the most Ingenious Author of, *The History of the last Parliament,* Sold by *J. Nutt.*

† If that Gentleman who sent a Letter to *B. Bragg,* for the Author of this Paper, Sign'd *J. W. T. W. W. I. W. O.* will be pleas'd to send word where he may direct to him; he shall receive a speedy and satisfactory Answer.

†*† At the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane,* this present *Saturday,* is reviv'd, Two short Comedies, of Two Acts each, call'd, *The Young Coquet,* and *the Country House.* The Part of Madam *Barnard* in the last, to be perform'd by Mrs. *Mountfort.* That of the *Coquet,* in the first, By Mrs. *Cross.* With several Entertainments of Singing by Mrs. *Tofts.* Together with the Frost Musick in King *Arthur,* set by Mr. *Henry Purcell,* and Perform'd by Mr. *Leveridge,* the New Boy, &c. For the benefit of Mr. *MILLS.*

LONDON, Printed by *Tho. Warren,* for the Undertakers: And Sold by *Hugh Montgommery,* at the *Golden Anchor* in *Cornhil: Tho. Hodgson,* over-against *Gray's-Inn-Gate,* in *Holbourn:* Booksellers: And *B. Bragg,* at the *Blue Ball* in *Avemary-Lane,* 1705.